A RIB-TICKLING NEW STORY STARTS INSIDE

NUTTY

18p
IR 30p
(inc. VAT)

EVERY SATURDAY No. 233 July 28th, 1984

THE COMIC WITH

BANANAMAN

YOUR TV STAR

WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, LITTLE ERIC, EATS A BANANA, HE INSTANTLY BECOMES THE EXTRA-ORDINARY BANANAMAN.

FAZOOSH!

This is my latest invention, Your Greenness—a FREEZER GUN.

Okay, Professor—let's see it work.

Amazin'—you are going to invade Earth and get rid of that super 'nana for me, Prof.

ZAP!

Okey-Dokey, Your Wartiness.

Go get 'im, Prof... OOYAH!

KLONK!

My teesh are frozen sholid, you shcoundrel.

SOON, DOWN ON EARTH—

ERK! A NERK!

I must change into Bananaman at once.

ZAP!

OH-OH!

SHEESH! MY TEESH!

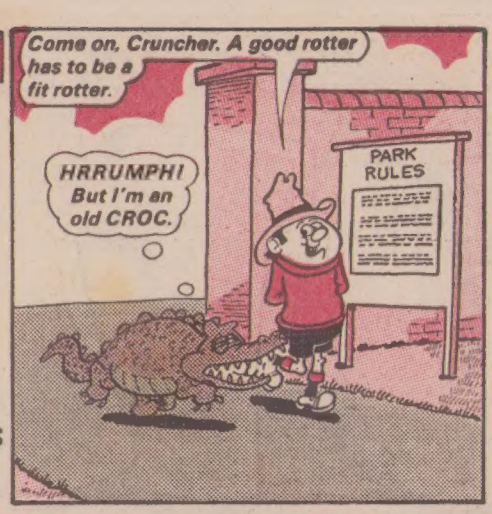
YIPPEE! It works. Now to find Bananaman.

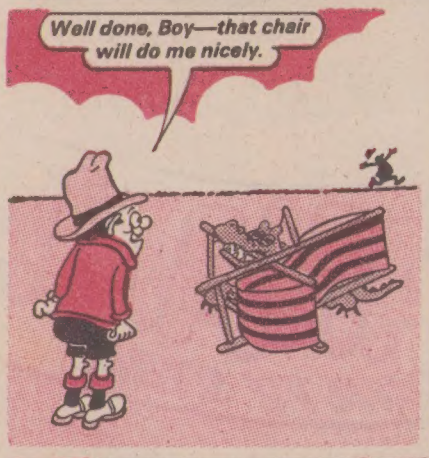
CRACK!

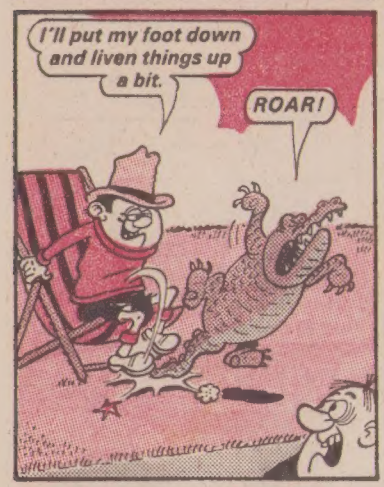
CONTINUED ON CENTRE PAGES

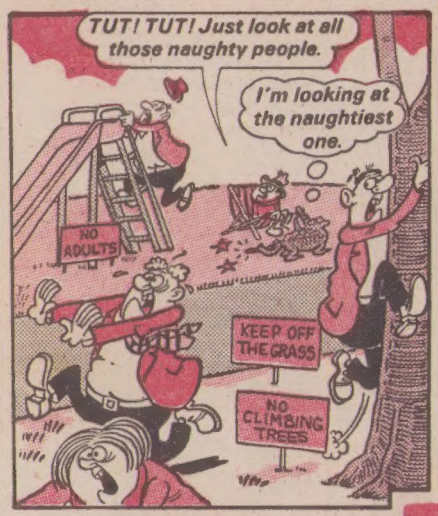
JAY R. HOOD

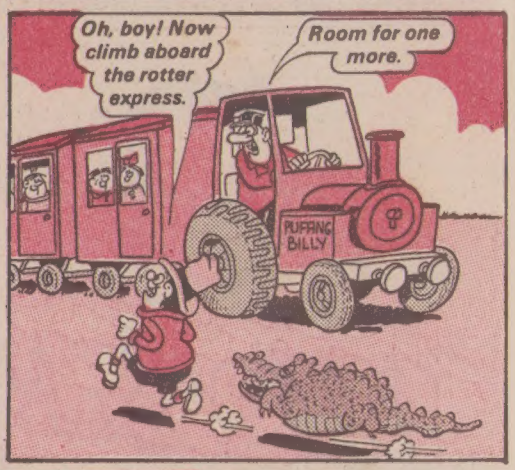
HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

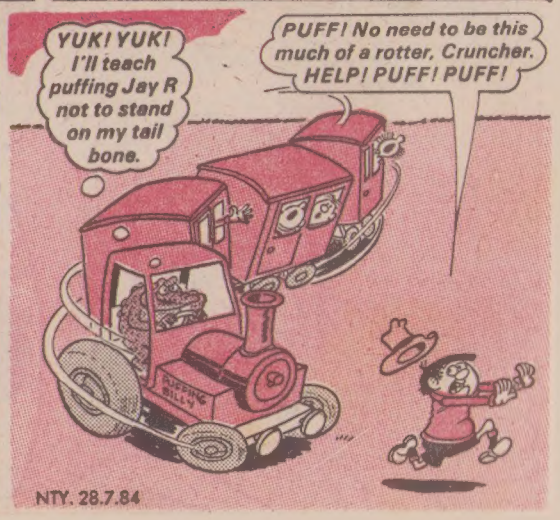




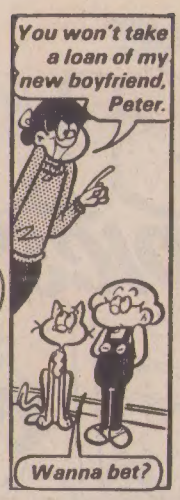


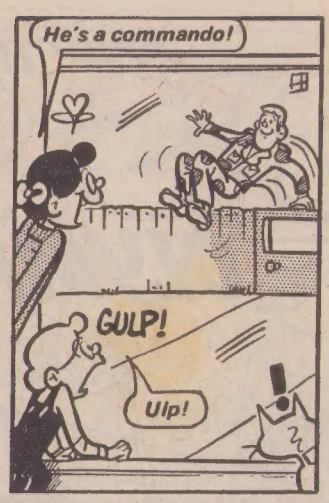

TUT! TUT! Just look at all those naughty people.
I'm looking at the naughtiest one.
NO ADULTS
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
NO CLIMBING TREES

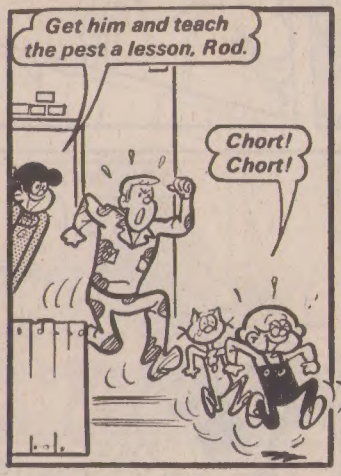


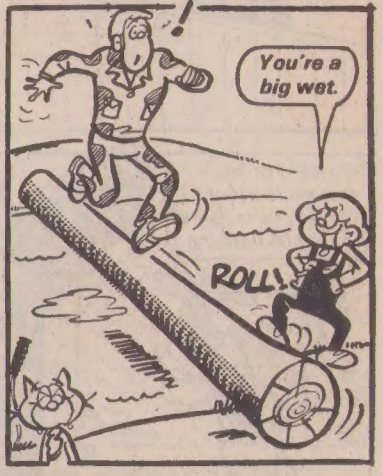

YUK! YUK! I'll teach puffing Jay R not to stand on my tail bone.
PUFF! No need to be this much of a rotter, Cruncher. HELP! PUFF! PUFF!
PUFFING BILLY
NTY. 28.7.84

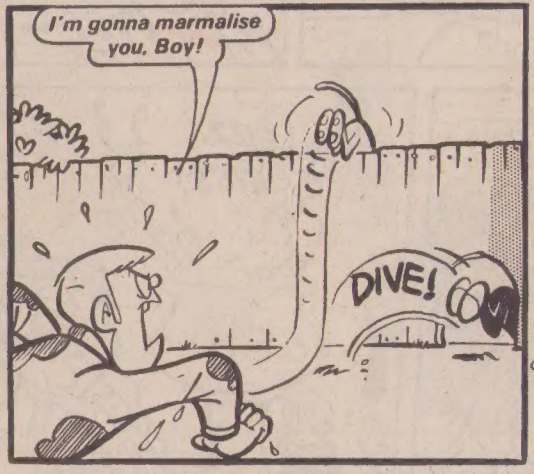
PETER Pest

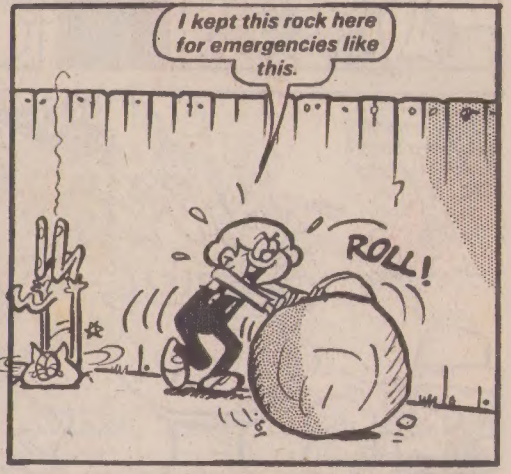


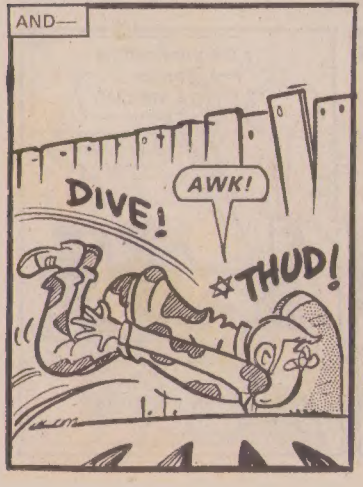


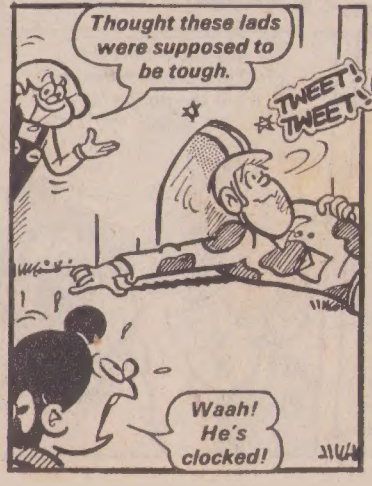


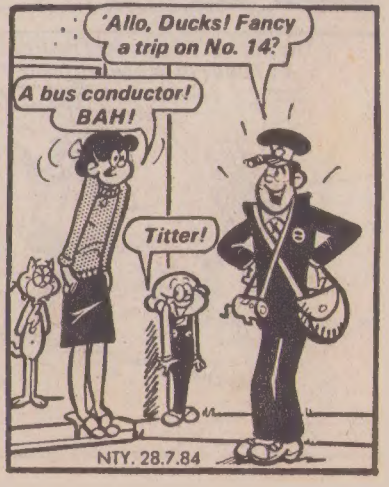






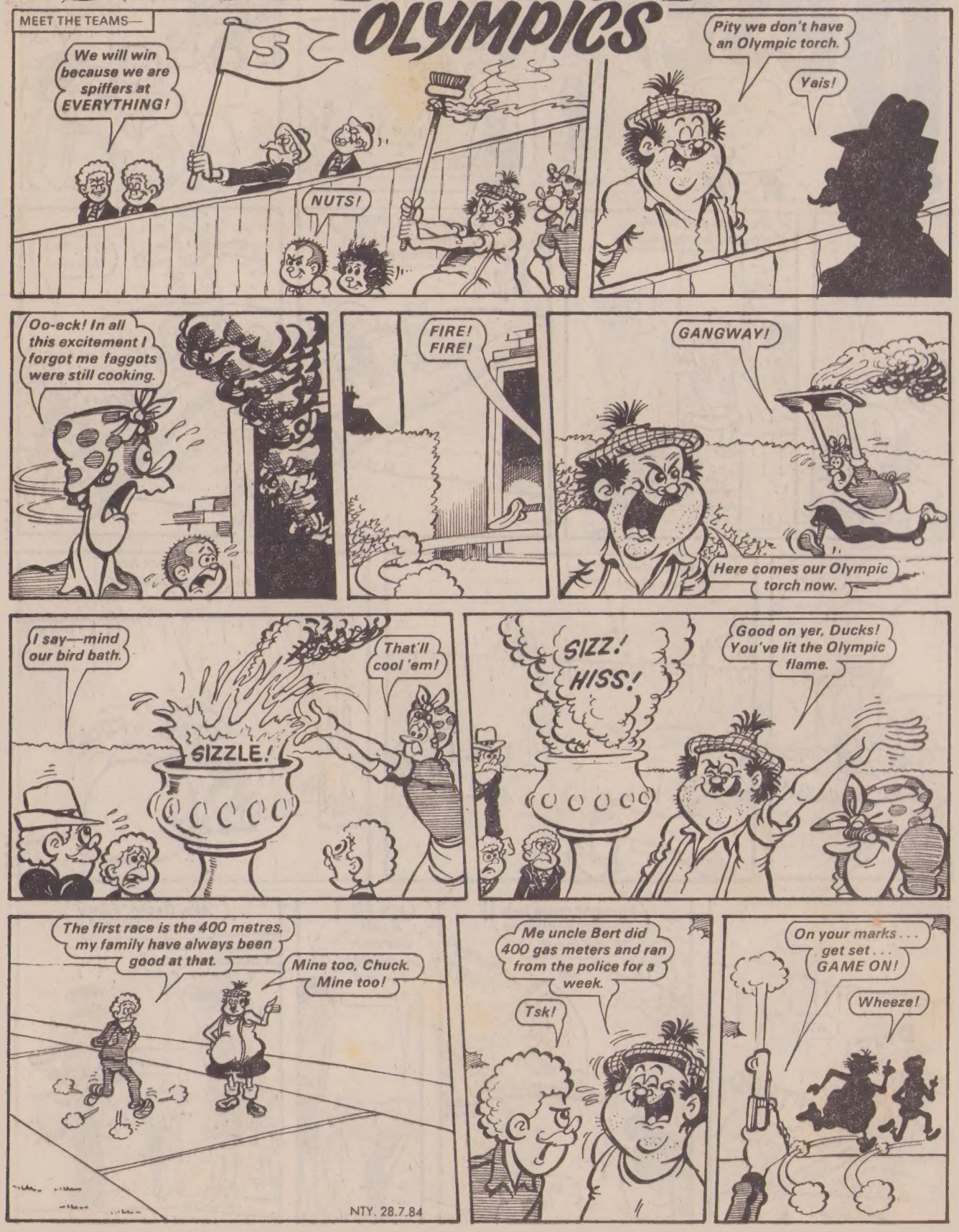


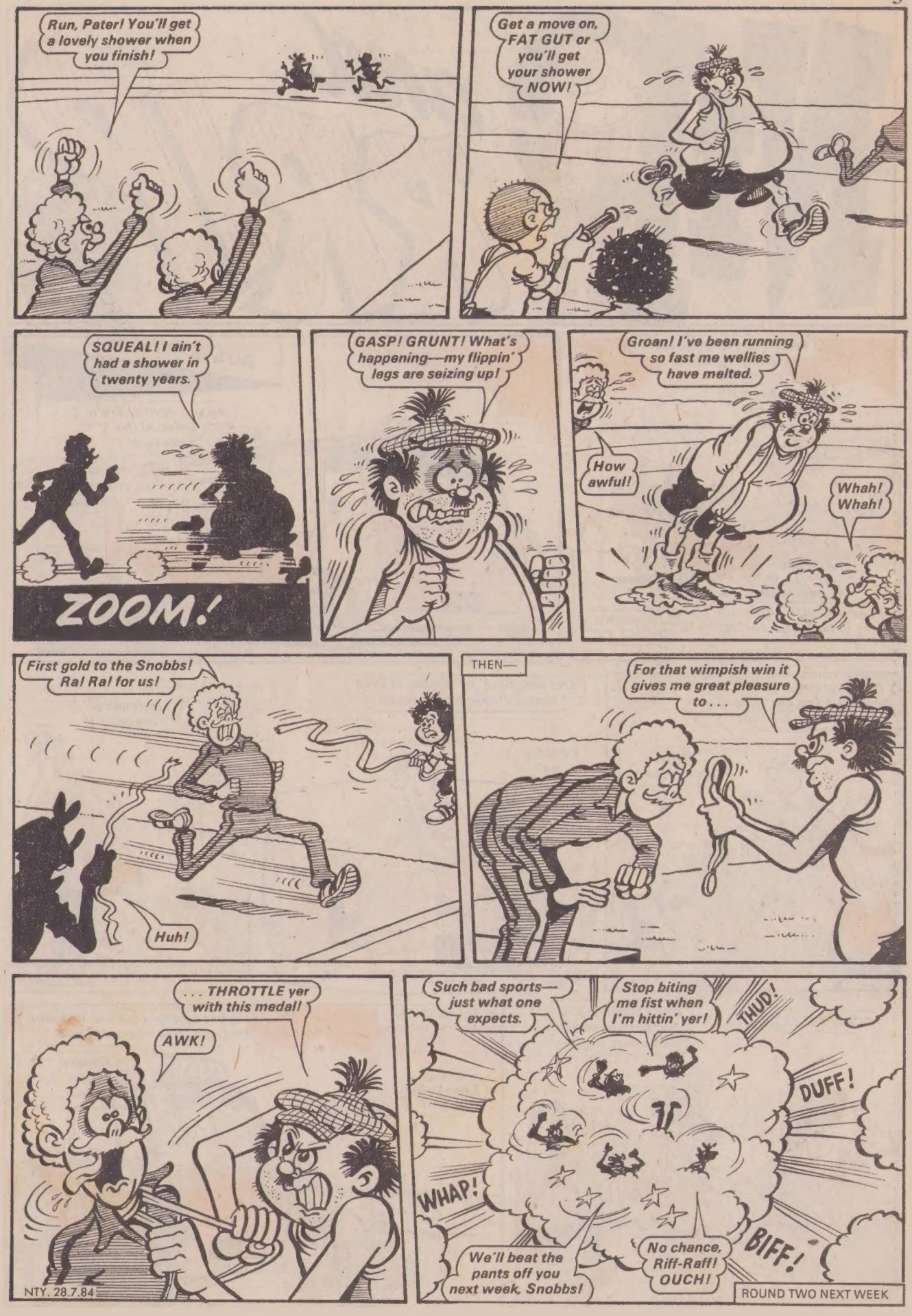




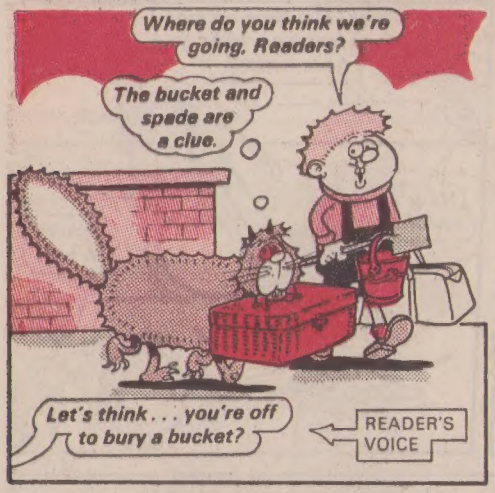
NTY. 28.7.84

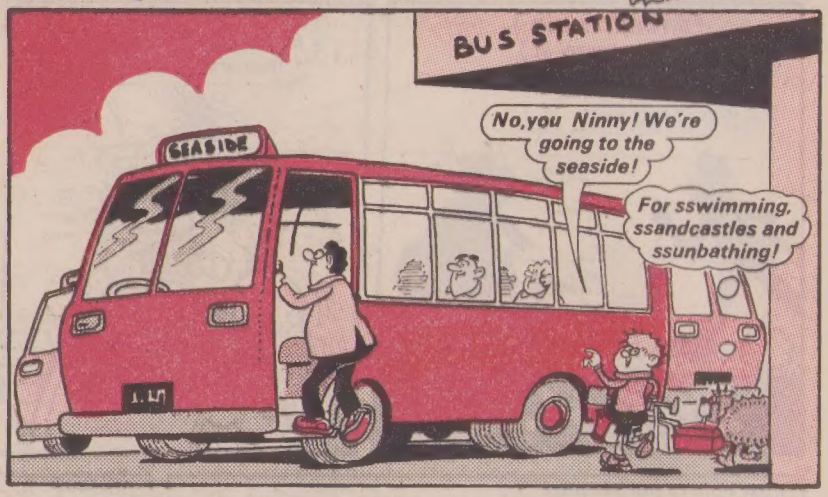
THE SNOBBS AND THE SLOBBS OLYMPICS


MEET THE TEAMS—
We will win because we are spiffers at EVERYTHING!
NUTS!
Pity we don't have an Olympic torch.
Yais!
Oo-eck! In all this excitement I forgot me faggots were still cooking.
FIRE! FIRE!
GANGWAY!
Here comes our Olympic torch now.
I say—mind our bird bath.
That'll cool 'em!
SIZZLE!
SIZZ! HISS!
Good on yer, Ducks! You've lit the Olympic flame.
The first race is the 400 metres, my family have always been good at that.
Mine too, Chuck. Mine too!
NTY. 28.7.84
Me uncle Bert did 400 gas meters and ran from the police for a week.
Tsk!
On your marks . . . get set . . . GAME ON!
Wheeze!


Run, Pater! You'll get a lovely shower when you finish!
Get a move on, FAT GUT or you'll get your shower NOW!
SQUEAL! I ain't had a shower in twenty years.
ZOOM!
GASP! GRUNT! What's happening—my flippin' legs are seizing up!
Groan! I've been running so fast me wellies have melted.
How awful!
Whah! Whah!
First gold to the Snobbs! Ra! Ra! for us!
Huh!
THEN—
For that wimpish win it gives me great pleasure to . . .
. . . THROTTLE yer with this medal!
AWK!
NTY. 28.7.84
Such bad sports—just what one expects.
Stop biting me fist when I'm hittin' yer!
THUD!
DUFF!
WHAP!
BIFF!
We'll beat the pants off you next week, Snobbs!
No chance, Riff-Raff! OUCH!
ROUND TWO NEXT WEEK

MIP and RRIP

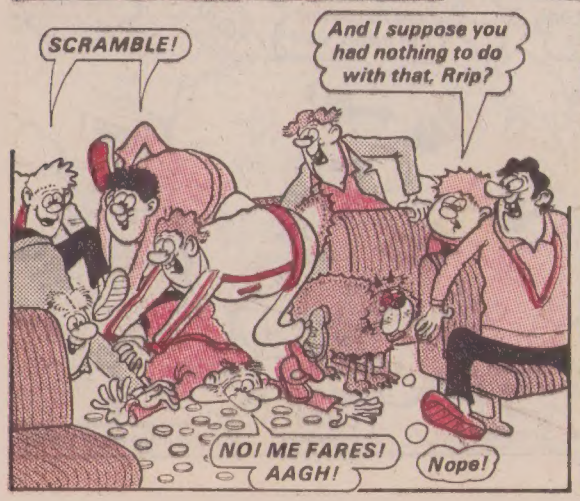

Where do you think we're going, Readers?
The bucket and spade are a clue.
Let's think . . . you're off to bury a bucket?
READER'S VOICE

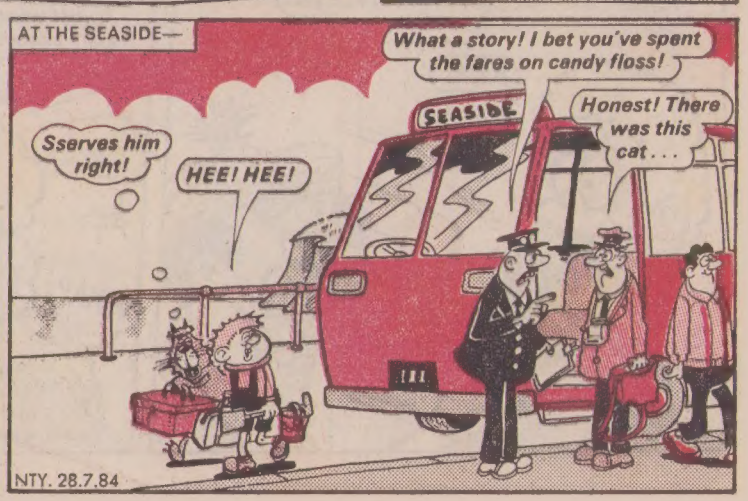

BUS STATION
SEASIDE
No,you Ninny! We're going to the seaside!
For sswimming, ssandcastles and ssunbathing!

Fares please! Hey, cats aren't allowed on the seats. Get him on the floor!
Sorry, Conductor!

And next time, remember to keep that potlicker off the seats!
Potlicker, eh?
Yes, sir!
RRIP!

HOI! What's happened to my bag?
MYUK! MYUK!
CHINK! CHINK!

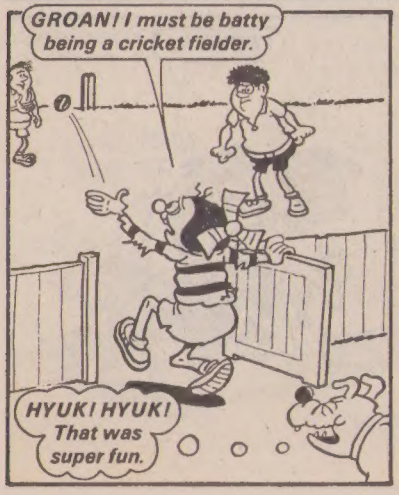

SCRAMBLE!
And I suppose you had nothing to do with that, Rrip?
NO! ME FARES! AAGH!
Nope!


AT THE SEASIDE—
What a story! I bet you've spent the fares on candy floss!
SEASIDE
Honest! There was this cat . . .
Sserves him right!
HEE! HEE!
NTY. 28.7.84

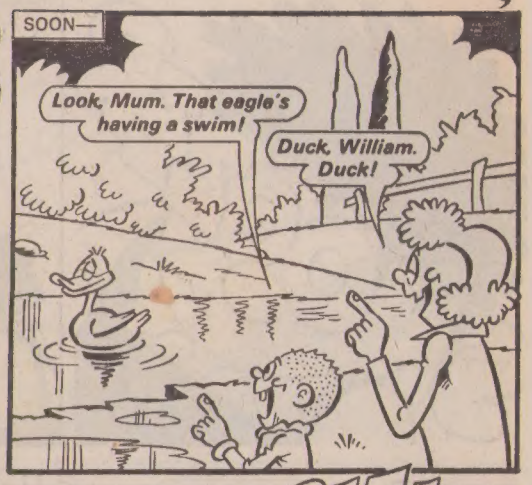
You blow up the air-bed, Rrip!
Why me, Masster?
Hurry up, Rrip. The sooner you blow it up the sooner we can sunbathe!
Thiss iss tough—gasp—work, but it'll be worth it!
After all that blowing I can do with a lie down.
Thanks, Rrip! I'll have the air-bed, you have the towel.
YEOWCH!
If I ain't getting to lie on it, neither is he!
Ah, lovely!
STAG!
STAG!
YIKES!
That's why it's called an AIR-bed, Readers!
WHOOSH!
Neither of us will have the air-bed. What do you say to making sandcastles?
Ssuits me, Masster!
LITTER
Keep it up, Rrip! You're doing a great job!
Me thinkss I've been tricked again!
Come on, Rrip, another bucketful.
Mmm, interesting.
I only need a pinch of sand, to make the finishing touches.
Thiss should do the job then.
NTY. 28.7.84
One bad NIP deserves another, Readers!
YEOWCH!
NIP!

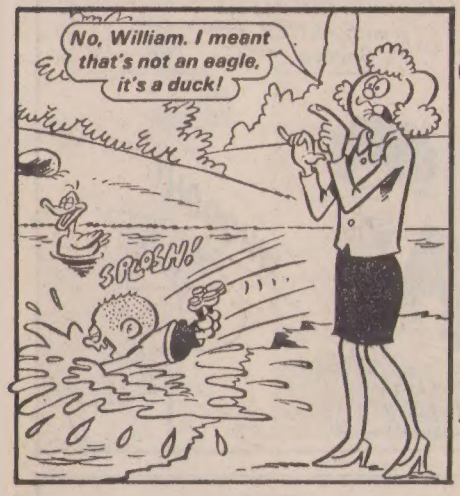
SPORTS FAN

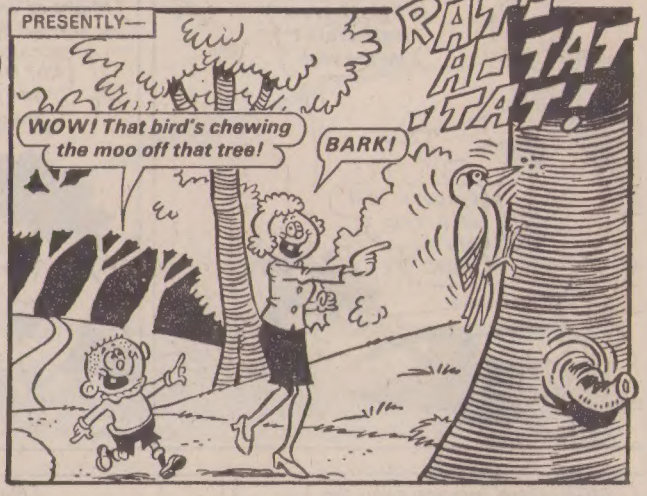
'SME!

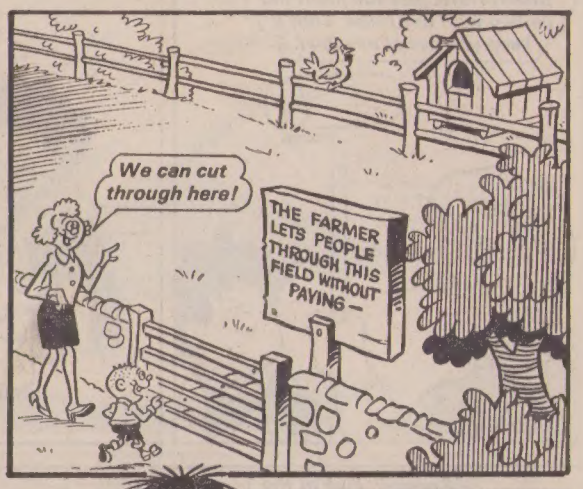


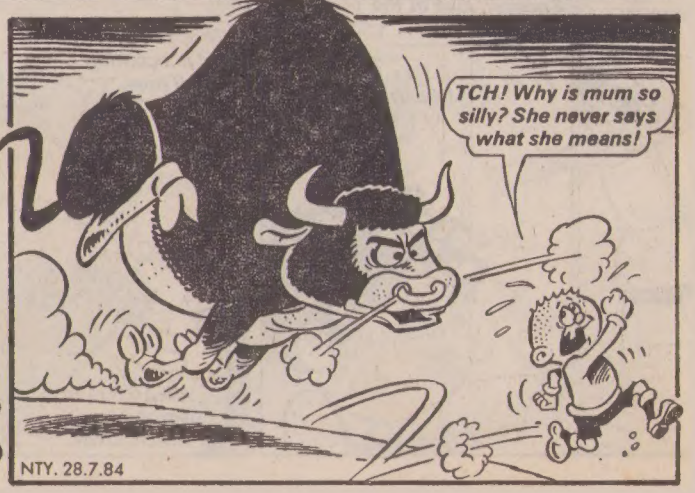
TWEET WILLIAM





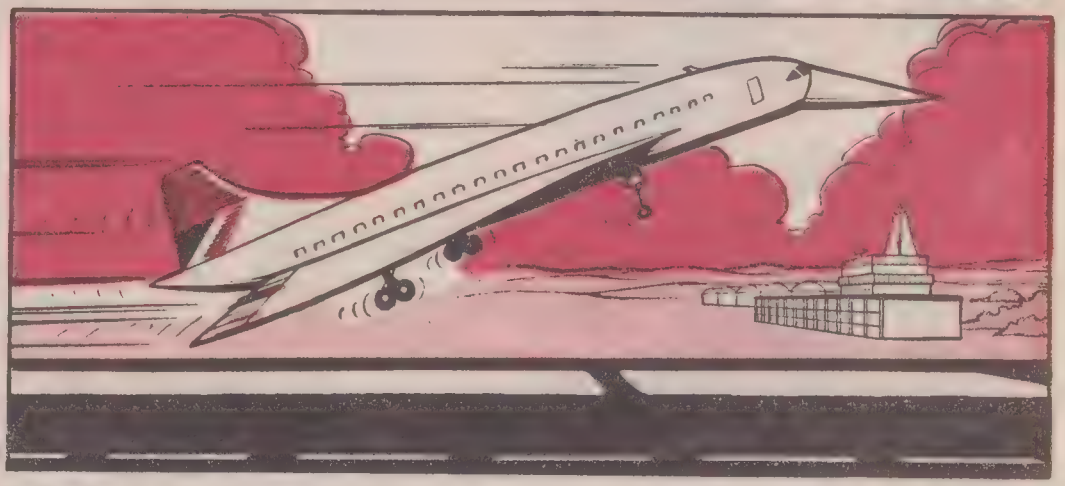


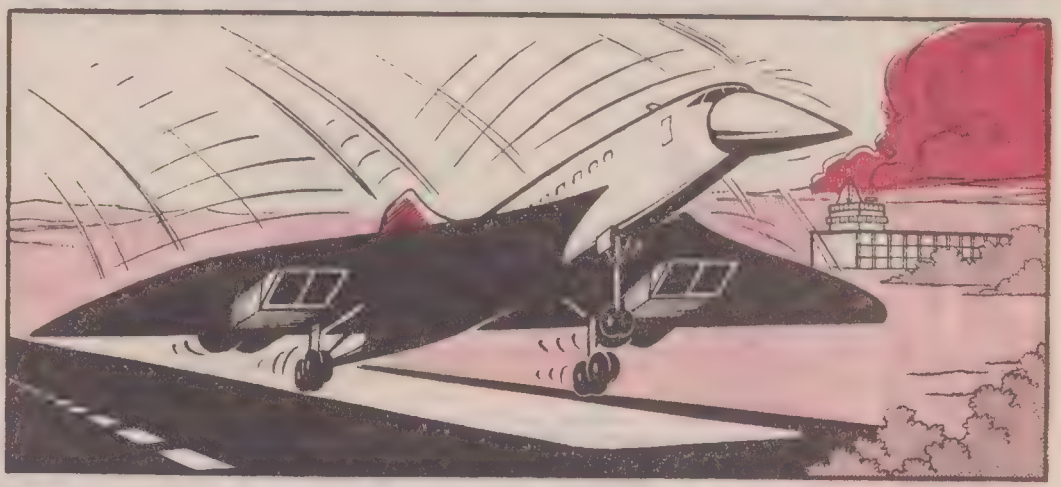


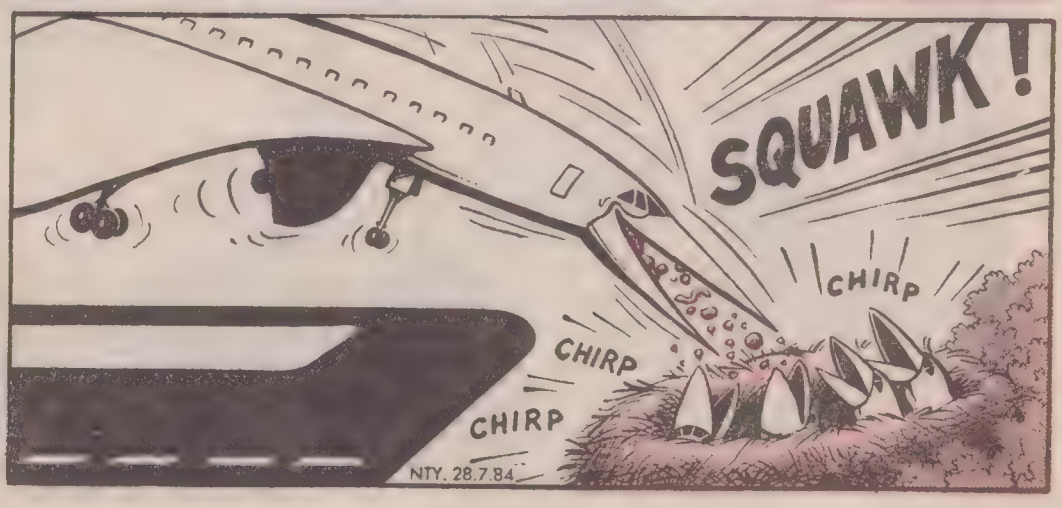


SNOOZER
Make yourself useful, Snoozer. You can scrape the walls.
ZZZ! I'll start from SCRATCH, Dad.
SCRAPE!
SCRAPE!
I'll just have a rest before I do the rest.
Forget it—I'll do it. You stir the paint.
Might as well get started then.
Eh? Not hot, are you, Snoozer?
WHIRR!
UGH! NO! NO! You stir it with a STICK, Snoozer.
WHOOSH!
But this is a FANtastic time-saver.
SIGH! Here, just you paint the ceiling with this roller. That'll keep you out of mischief.
Now just put a light coating of paint on the roller.
Yes, Dad.
ZZ! Feels as if it's snowing.
SNOOZER! I said a LIGHT COATING.
SPLATTER!
Snoozer, look at the state of you . . .
Er, it's only dandruff, Mum—honest!
BUT—
That's PAINT and it's coming off now.
WAAGH! I'm overcome with EMULSION.
HO! HO! ROLLERS have really got in your hair today, Snoozer.
These'll soon have your hair looking lovely again.
BAH!
NTY. 28.7.84

NUTTY TALES







BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

You've got to get Bananaman here, Eric—a Nerk's freezing everything in sight.

CACKLE! This should bring Bananaman out of hiding.

I'll be right over as soon as I get this banana thawed out, Chief.

TRUNK CALL

LATER—

Prepare to face justice, Nerk.

Bananaman at last. I was beginning to run out of targets.

Take that! I'm putting you on ice, Bananabrain.

ZAP!

HO! HO! I'm wearing my woolly vest—just like my granny told me. So there!

DRAT! Foiled—Plan B would be handy now if I knew what Plan B was.

So I'll run away, just to be on the safe side.

You can't escape like that, Chum.

Tee-hee! I've just thought of Plan B.

ZOOPH!

My bananawellies will keep me dry and safe.

And my big mouth will get me into trouble—as usual.

GOTTIM!

YIKES! I spoke too soon.

HA-HARR! Nothing stops Bananaman.

HOI! I thought it was only lady ballet dancers who wore skirts.

Quiet, Urchin!

Bananaman can't follow me up here . . .

See?

Hmm! I'm not beaten yet. I'll just turn this stroll into a . . .

. . . ROLL!

OW! OUCH! GERROFF!

AARGH! Trust me to run up a DEAD-END!

CRUMP! SHATTER!

PHEW! Thank goodness. I was getting a trifle dizzy there.

I arrest you in the name of me.

B-But all I did was lower the temperature a teensie weensie.

You're right—there's nothing wrong with that, but that's not what I'm arresting you for, Clever Clogs.

Well what then?

I'll show you in two shakes of a bullfrog's tonsil.

HELP! Put me down.

OH, NO!

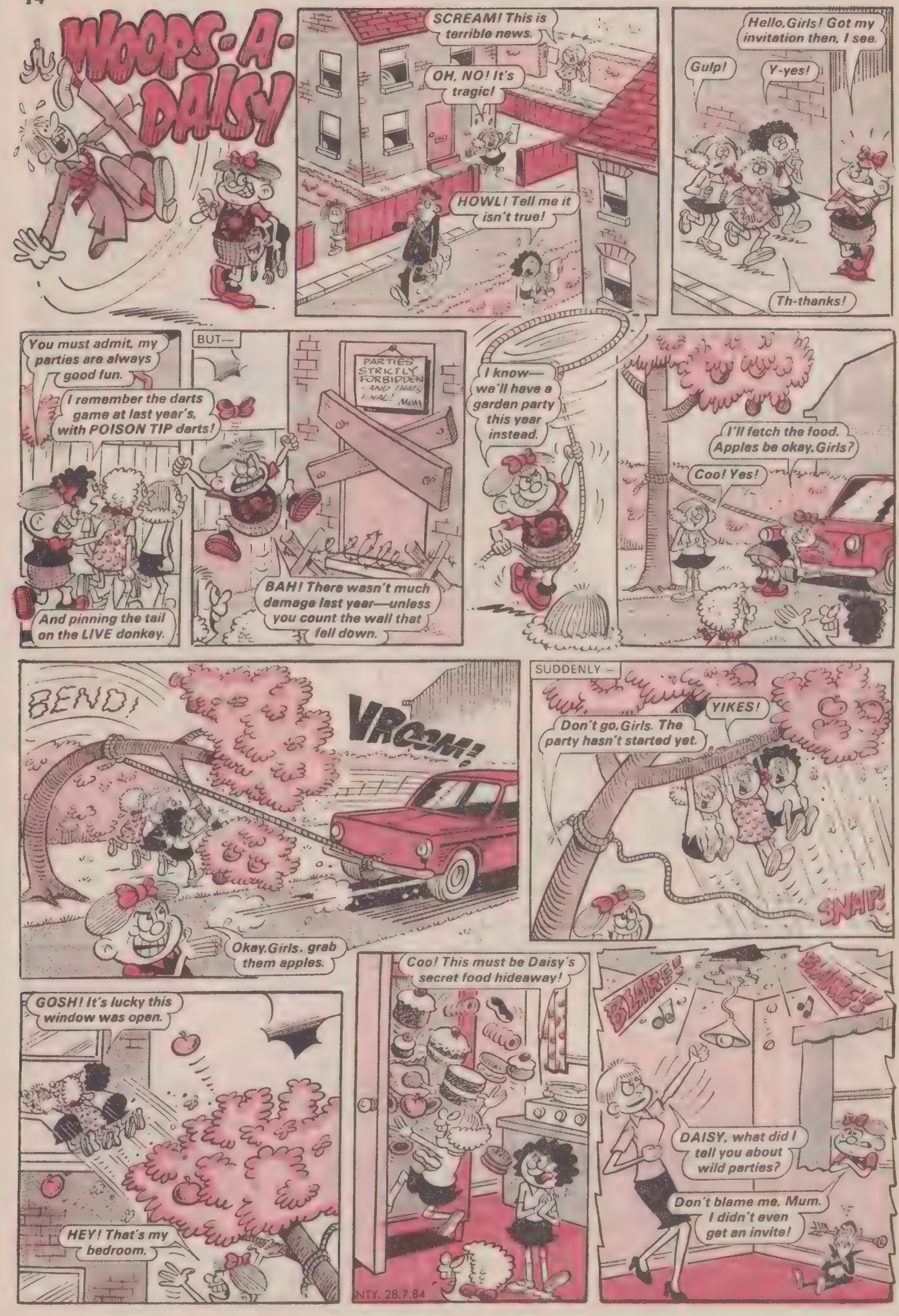
ILLEGAL PARKING, that's what!

CACKLE! CACKLE! I love my job.

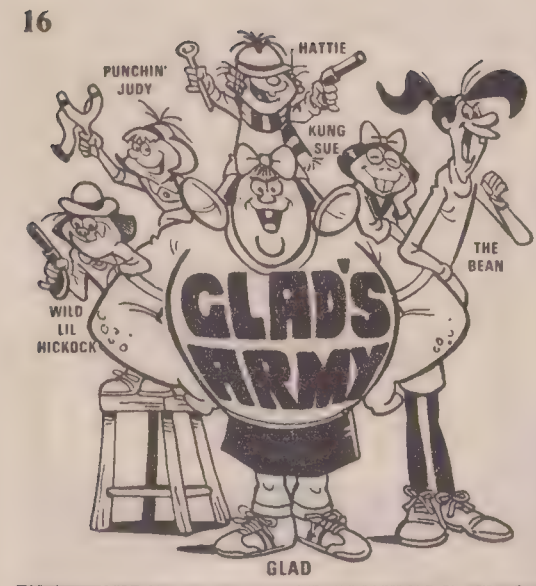
NTY. 28.7.84

He can cool his heels in Chief O'Reilly's cooler!

HOWL! WAIL! MERCY!

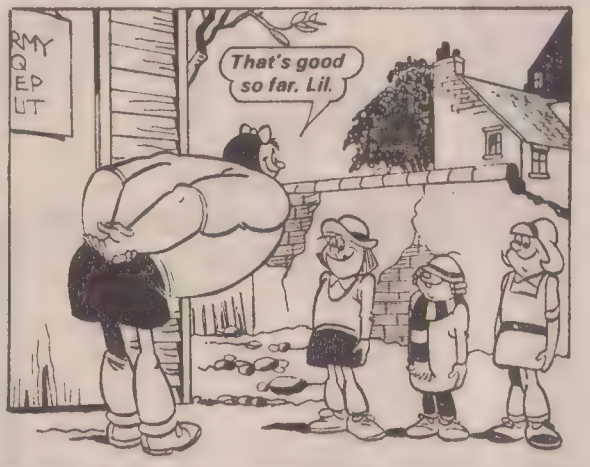

WOOPS-A-DAISY
SCREAM! This is terrible news.
OH, NO! It's tragic!
HOWL! Tell me it isn't true!
Hello, Girls! Got my invitation then, I see.
Gulp!
Y-yes!
Th-thanks!
You must admit, my parties are always good fun.
I remember the darts game at last year's, with POISON TIP darts!
And pinning the tail on the LIVE donkey.
BUT—
PARTIES STRICTLY FORBIDDEN - AND THAT'S FINAL! MUM
BAH! There wasn't much damage last year—unless you count the wall that fell down.
I know—we'll have a garden party this year instead.
I'll fetch the food. Apples be okay, Girls?
Coo! Yes!
BEND!
VROOM!
Okay, Girls, grab them apples.
SUDDENLY—
YIKES!
Don't go, Girls. The party hasn't started yet.
SNAP!
GOSH! It's lucky this window was open.
HEY! That's my bedroom.
Coo! This must be Daisy's secret food hideaway!
NTY. 28.7.84
BLAIRE!
BLAIRE!
DAISY, what did I tell you about wild parties?
Don't blame me, Mum. I didn't even get an invite!

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
I wasn't jailed for stealing—I was jailed for getting caught!
—And when he comes down, everybody yell "SURPRISE!"
TREASURE ISLAND
PIRATE VIDEO
And stop calling me "shipmate!"
HAIL, CAESAR!
It's always the same. You wait here for weeks—then three come along together!
SALE
HURRY WHILE STOCKS LAST
I take it this is your first skydive!
How did you know?
NTY. 28.7.84


PUNCHIN' JUDY
HATTIE
KUNG SUE
THE BEAN
WILD LIL HICKOCK
GLAD'S ARMY
GLAD

Look at that—A perfect sentry never moves a muscle.

PRESENTLY—
I'm going to give you a few sentry tests and you must try not to move at all!
ARMY HQ KEEP OUT

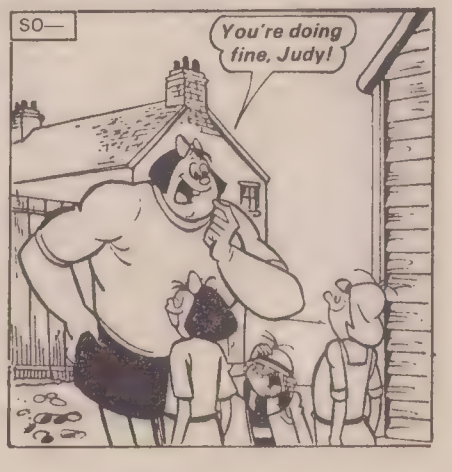

That's good so far, Lil.

BUT—
AW! That's terrible!
TICKLE!
TICKLE!
Ho! Ho! No, Glad! Not there, please!

Let's see how you do, Hattie.
Watch out, a mouse!
ARMY HQ. KEEP OUT

EEK! Where? I hate mice!
KEEP OUT
LEAP!

HUH! I was only testing you—you're no use!


SO—
You're doing fine, Judy!

NTY. 28.7.84

I'll just have this wonderfully delicious hot-dog!
ARMY HQ KEEP OUT
DROOL
Give me a bit, Glad. Please!
DRAG!
No! And you've failed your test too!
You're the last two. Not bad!
How would you do in the rain?
SPLOSH!
You've failed miserably!
Now I'll show you how it should be done.
AKM HQ KEEP OUT
SOON—
SLURP!
PINK!
TICKLE!
SQUIRT
STAMP!
Amazing, Glad. You never moved once!
That's me—The perfect sentry!
Good! You can get on with it then while we go to the pictures. BYEE!
FOR BRITAIN'S FUNNIEST COMIC, READ NUTTY
KEEP THE NUTTY
What? Eh? That's not fair. Come back!
NTY. 28.7.84

THIS WEEK-
ERIC
GREAT! An invitation to a fancy-dress party!
I could go as Boy George!
BUT—
Eric! Stop playing with my belongings!
Too many people will go as him anyway!
I could go as Kevin Keegan!
OOPS! No I can't—the elastic in my shorts has snapped!
GOT IT!
I'll go as Torvill and Dean!
EEARRGGH! No I won't—it's too hard to walk on ice-skates!
PRESENTLY—
I'll go as Geoff Capes—the world's strongest man.
BUT—
PHEW! I'm not strong enough!
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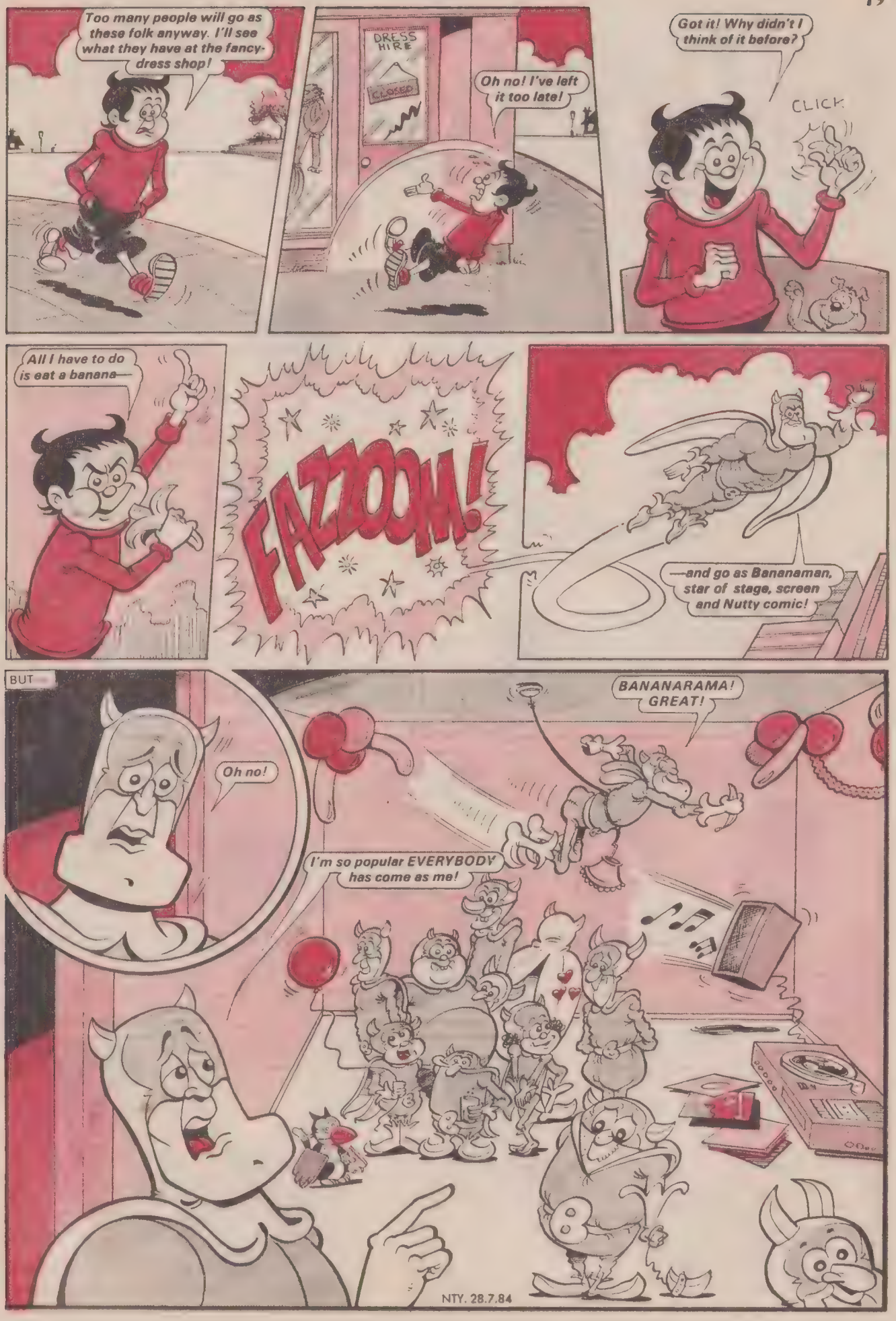
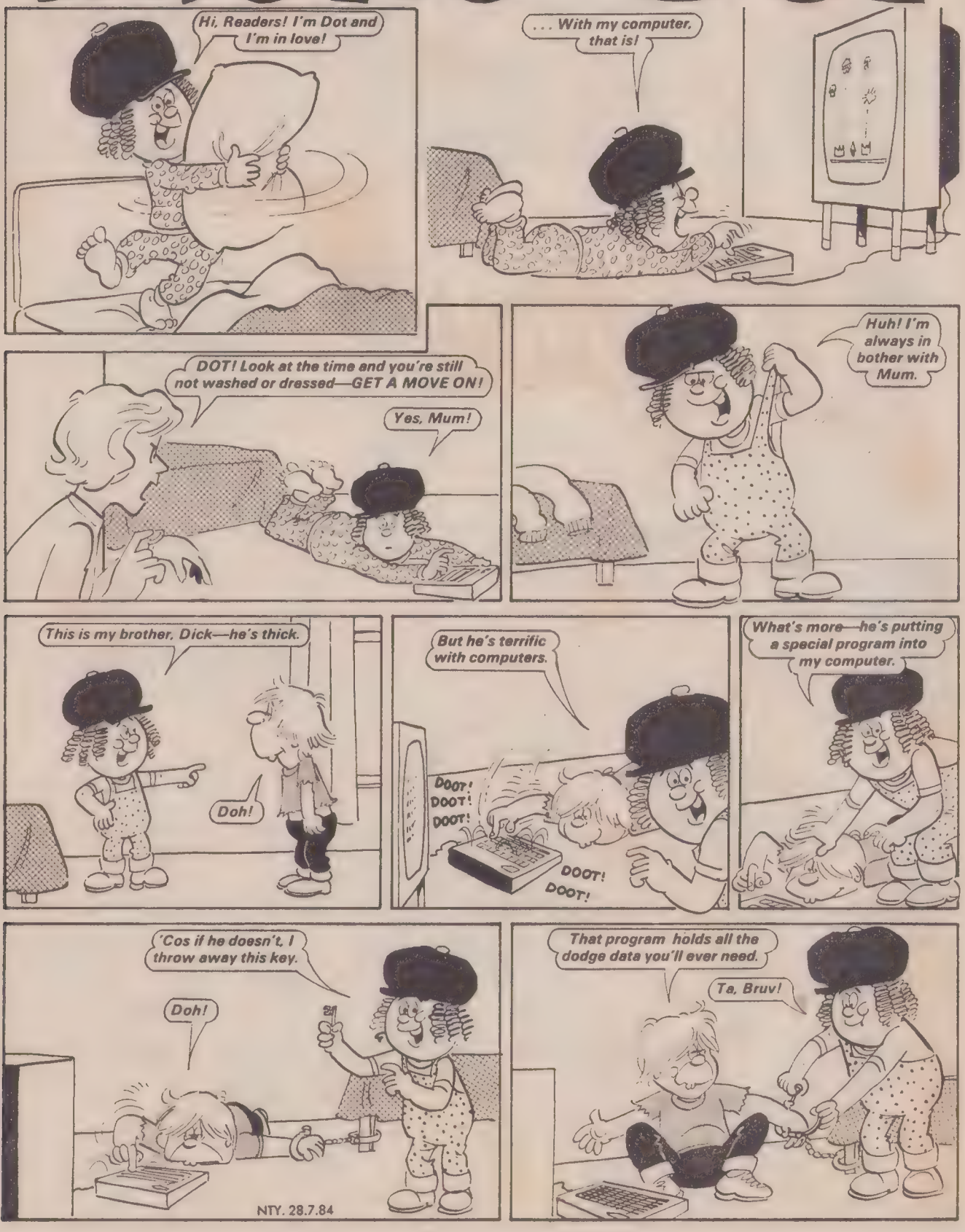

Too many people will go as these folk anyway. I'll see what they have at the fancy-dress shop!
DRESS HIRE
CLOSED
Oh no! I've left it too late!
Got it! Why didn't I think of it before?
CLICK
All I have to do is eat a banana—
FAZZOOM!
—and go as Bananaman, star of stage, screen and Nutty comic!
BUT
Oh no!
BANANARAMA! GREAT!
I'm so popular EVERYBODY has come as me!
NTY. 28.7.84

STARTING THIS WEEK—THE COMPUTER QUEEN WHO'S GOT THE LOT—

MICRO DOT


Hi, Readers! I'm Dot and I'm in love!
. . . With my computer, that is!
DOT! Look at the time and you're still not washed or dressed—GET A MOVE ON!
Yes, Mum!
Huh! I'm always in bother with Mum.
This is my brother, Dick—he's thick.
Doh!
But he's terrific with computers.
DOOT! DOOT! DOOT!
DOOT! DOOT!
What's more—he's putting a special program into my computer.
'Cos if he doesn't, I throw away this key.
Doh!
That program holds all the dodge data you'll ever need.
Ta, Bruv!
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THEN—
Will you fetch these supplies from the supermarket, Dot?
Hmmph! Don't fancy that!
I'll see what my special dodge program comes up with.
Heh! Heh! This could be good.
DODGE DATA
SHOPPING TRIPS
1279
1280
1281
First turn up Dick's stereo.
BLAST
THEN—
Dick'll go for the shopping on his bike, Mum.
BLARE
CAN'T HEAR A THING
Won't you, Dick?
Yeah! I'd like that!
NO IDEA WHAT'S GOING ON
WIN THIS BIKE
Here's the list then, off you go to the shops.
What'd I say? What'd I do? This looks like work!
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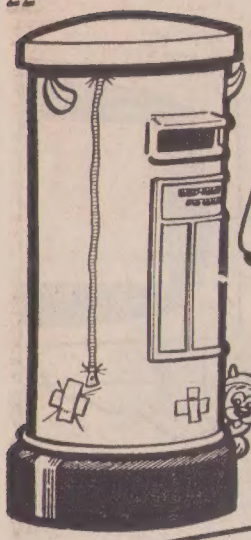
She's gonna be trouble with that computer, she is!
You bet I will! Cackle!

WRITE TO.....

BANANAMAN



SEND YOUR LETTER, JOKE, POEM OR DRAWING TO—

BANANAMAN, 'NUTTY,'
P.O. BOX 263,
20 CATHCART STREET,
KENTISH TOWN,
LONDON NW5 3BN.

RACHAEL WILSON,
FAREHAM.

SWEET STINGERS

Why do bees have sticky hair?

Because they use honeyCOMBS!

**KERRY FAIRCLOUGH,
SALISBURY.**

LIGHT COMEDY!

"What are you doing in the garden, Mum?"

"*Planting bulbs.*"

"Coo! I didn't know you could grow lamp-posts!"

**TIM ROBINSON,
HAYES.**

KNIT-WITS!

What would a policeman say to a man driving a lorry full of jumpers if he wanted him to stop?

"*PULL-OVER!*"

**DANIEL BOWMAN,
YEADON.**

BOUNCING BACK TO FITNESS!

What do you do with sick kangaroos?

Give them HOPerations!

**DAVID DIMURRO,
DUBLIN.**

PLANE ENOUGH!

What has four legs and flies?

Two pairs of trousers!

**STUART LLOYD,
BUDE.**

FARE-ZZZ PLEASE!

How would bees travel if they couldn't fly?

By BUZZ!

**JAMIE GORDON,
PONTEFRACT.**

N-ICE ONE!

What do you get if you cross a football team with an ice-cream?

Aston VANILLA!

**DAVID RANDLES,
CHESTER.**

**KEVIN McCOMBIE,
TURRIFF.**

NEWS-HOUND

Tweet William:—I've lost my dog!
Policeman:—Why don't you put an advert in the paper?
Tweet William:—"Don't be silly, he can't read!

**STEVEN LYNCH,
ABERDEEN.**

IF **YOUR** LETTER IS PRINTED YOU'LL WIN THIS FANTASTIC BANANAMAN T-SHIRT!

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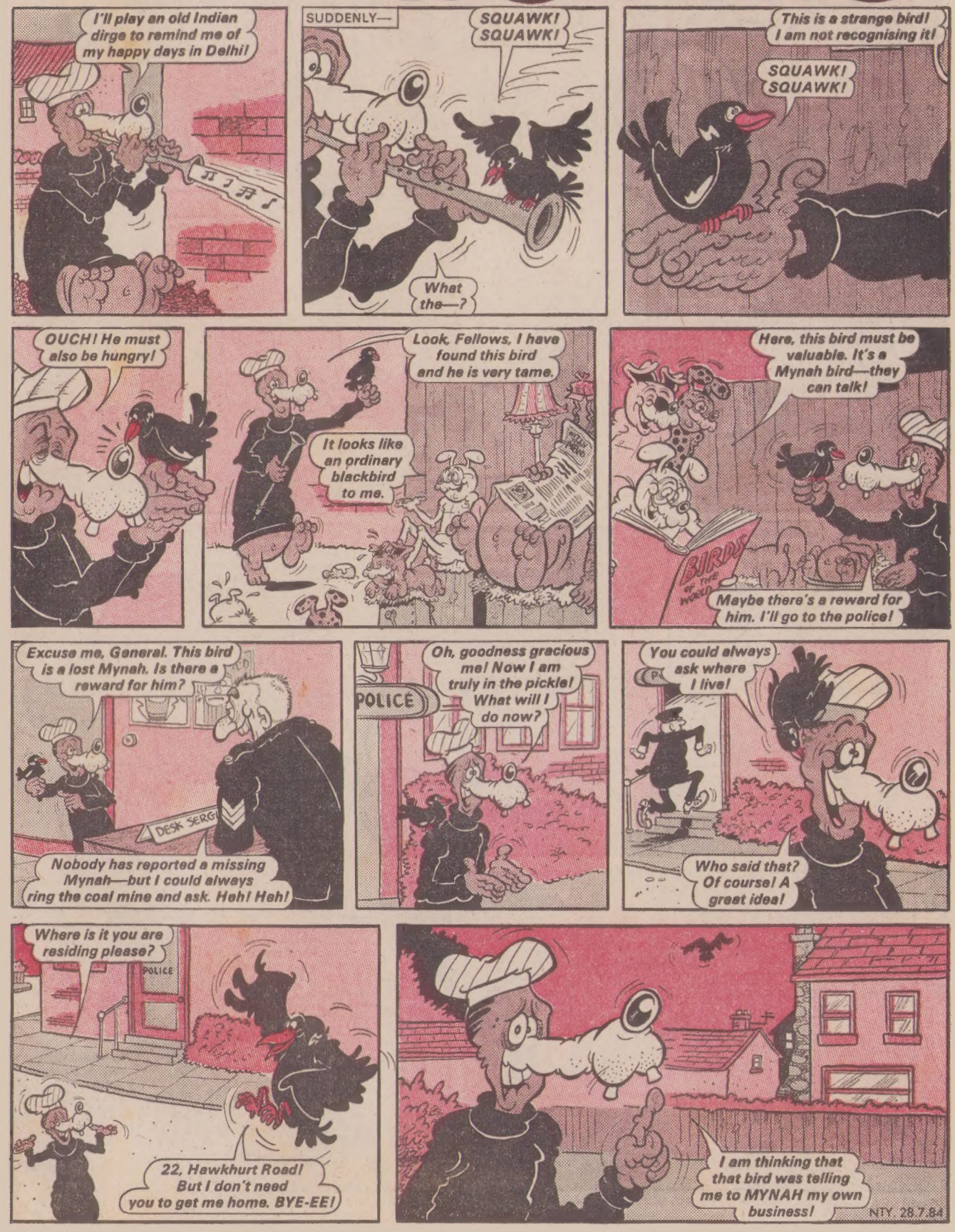
DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE WITH YOUR LETTER—

THE WILD ROVERS


I'll play an old Indian dirge to remind me of my happy days in Delhi!
SUDDENLY—
SQUAWK! SQUAWK!
What the—?
This is a strange bird! I am not recognising it!
SQUAWK! SQUAWK!
OUCH! He must also be hungry!
Look, Fellows, I have found this bird and he is very tame.
It looks like an ordinary blackbird to me.
Here, this bird must be valuable. It's a Mynah bird—they can talk!
BIRDS OF THE WORLD
Maybe there's a reward for him. I'll go to the police!
Excuse me, General. This bird is a lost Mynah. Is there a reward for him?
DESK SERG
Nobody has reported a missing Mynah—but I could always ring the coal mine and ask. Heh! Heh!
POLICE
Oh, goodness gracious me! Now I am truly in the pickle! What will I do now?
You could always ask where I live!
Who said that? Of course! A great idea!
Where is it you are residing please?
POLICE
22, Hawkhurst Road! But I don't need you to get me home. BYE-EE!
I am thinking that that bird was telling me to MYNAH my own business!
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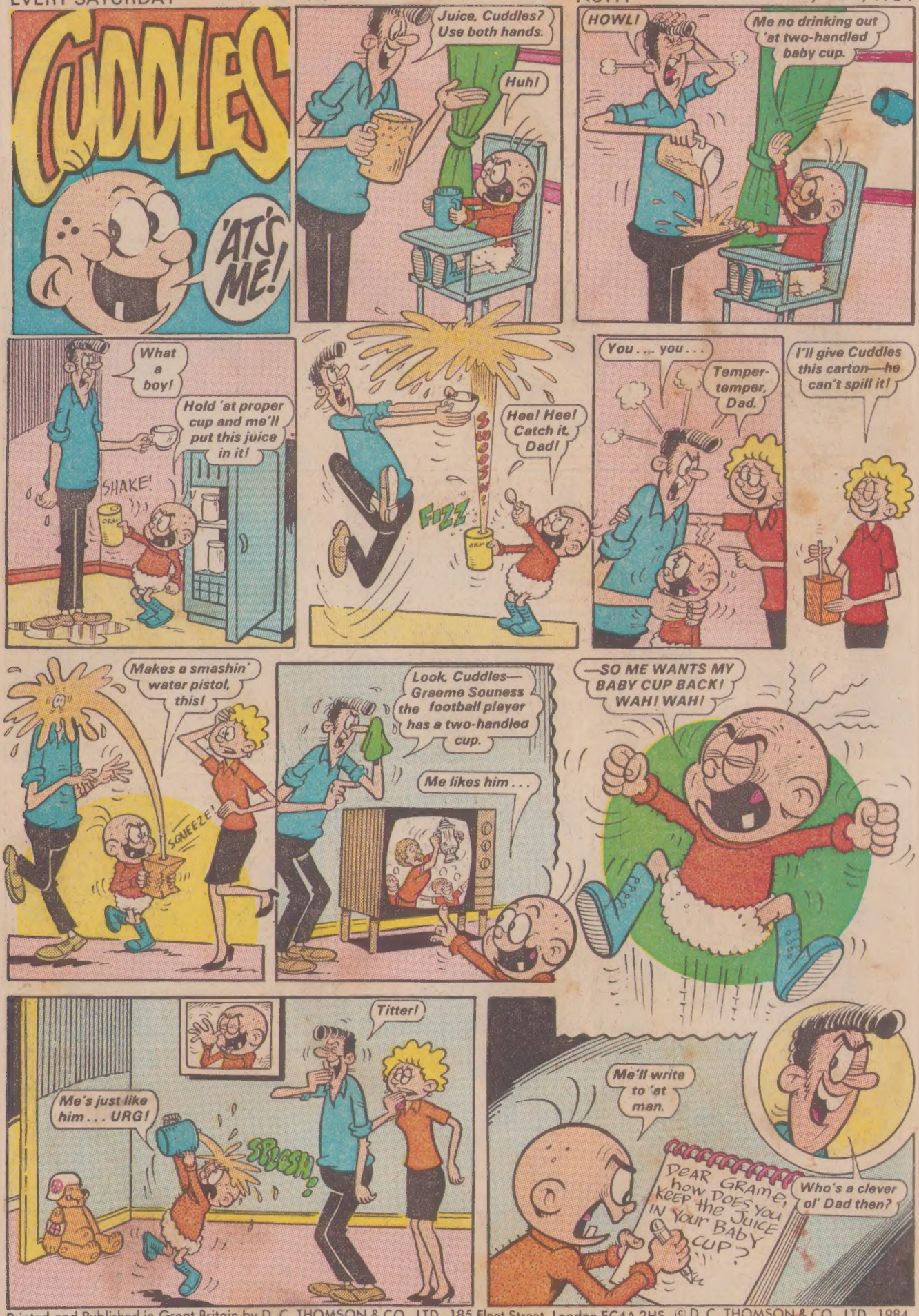
CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
Juice, Cuddles? Use both hands.
Huh!
HOWL!
Me no drinking out 'at two-handled baby cup.
What a boy!
Hold 'at proper cup and me'll put this juice in it!
SHAKE!
Hee! Hee! Catch it, Dad!
SWOOSH!
FIZZ
You . . . you . . .
Temper-temper, Dad.
I'll give Cuddles this carton—he can't spill it!
Makes a smashin' water pistol, this!
SQUEEZE!
Look, Cuddles—Graeme Souness the football player has a two-handled cup.
Me likes him . . .
—SO ME WANTS MY BABY CUP BACK! WAH! WAH!
Titter!
Me's just like him . . . URG!
SPLOSH!
Me'll write to 'at man.
DEAR GRAME, how DOES you KEEP the JUICE IN your BABY CUP?
Who's a clever ol' Dad then?

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